INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The Housewife's Part.

Oh, men and oh, brothers; and all of you others,
I beg of you pause and listen a bit,
And I'll tell without altering any of it,
The tale of the housewife's part.

Mixing and fixing,
Brewing and stewing,
Basting and tasting,
Lifting and sifting,
Stoning and boning,
Toasting and roasting,
Kneading and seeding
Straining and draining,
Poking and soaking,
Choosing and using,
Reasoning and seasoning
Paring and sharing—
This is the housewife's part.

Filling and spilling,
Pounding and sounding,
Creaming and steaming,
Skimming and trimming,
Mopping and chopping,
Coring and pouring,
Shelling and smelling,
Grinding and minding,
Firing and tiring,
Carving and serving—
This is the housewife's part.

Oiling and boiling and broiling,
Buying and tying and frying,
Burning and turning and churning,
Pricing and icing and slicing,
Hashing and mashing and splashing,
Scanning and planning and canning,
Greasing and squeezing and freezing—
This is the housewife's part.

Aching and baking and making and shaking,
Beating and heating and seating and treating,
Oh, men, and oh, brothers, and all of you others—
This is the housewife's part.
—Times-Democrat.

Picture Hanging.

Rules That Apply to Galleries Not Applicable at Home.

"I've been 'taking in' the art display, and getting ideas for the arrangement of the home pictures," said Mrs. Youngwife, with a certain amount of complacency, as she viewed the various paintings in her parlor and planned to rehang them according to her recently-acquired ideas.

This is a mistake that is very generally made. People who go to a picture-gallery have an idea that the same rules of arrangement should prevail at home. This is all wrong.

Give a picture the best possible position as to light. They frequently have to be skied in galleries, but they need never undergo this humiliating treatment in the drawing-room. The middle of the picture should be on the level with, or a trifle above, the eyes that look upon it. In a beautiful room, great variety may be displayed in the disposition of the various pictures.

Family pictures should not be on exhibition in the rooms of the house that are set apart for the occasions of ceremony. These may be appropriately used in bed-rooms, or even in little studios, or dens, which people have to themselves.

Many of our walls are very trying to pictures, and it not infrequently happens that a really beautiful engraving or water-color loses its charm because of an ineffective and discordant background. One may receive hints and suggestions as to the proper hanging of pictures by an occasional visit to studios and galleries, where frequently the tones of the walls are effectively treated so as to bring out the best points in the picture.

There are two or three points that are essential to good effects. Large, massive pictures can be put up against almost any wall. The huge frame will accentuate the background of the picture; but little pictures should never be put upon a wall that is covered with a wall paper of striking design. If you have enough pictures to make a room interesting by their exhibition, by all means have a plain wall. It only adds confusion to have an elaborate wall overhung with a lot of pictures; overdressing is always vulgar, and the overdressing of one's walls is sometimes even more distressing than that of the person.

A few good pictures well hung, in good light, is better than many, no matter how beautiful, that are carelessly arranged.—Philadelphia Record.

Minister Wu On Cookery.

The New York Tribune has interviewed Minister Wu on the subject of food and cookery, and this is what the Chinese Minister said:

"I think the manner in which Americans have their food prepared, and especially the way in which they eat their meats, is, perhaps, more healthful than in China, but, when it comes to a question of which tastes best, there we have you. We would not be content to eat, for instance, a leg of mutton simply boiled. With it we would have cooked some vegetable which would impart its flavor to the meat, and have the whole dish highly seasoned and garnished with cucumber, or something of that sort. So with all our meats. We would not care for them cooked alone, as you enjoy them. That is, we would not like such a preparation as a constant thing. We want variety. We like plenty of oil and good things mixed with our heavy dishes.

"Personally, I enjoy American cookery very well, and am especially fond of certain of your dishes, but, if I had to make a choice of one or the other method and forever after abide by it, I should select the Chinese mode, just because of that very variety of condiments which to me is a lack in your cooking. The French method of cookery is more like the Chinese than any other, and our cooks have learned many cunning recipes from French chefs employed in great houses in China."

The Minister pooh-poohed the idea that tiny young mice dipped in honey were considered delicacies, and laughed away the suggestion that rodents were used as articles of food, saying that he never heard of such a thing. Replying to an inquiry as to the choicest and daintiest dishes that can be served at a rich man's table in China, he at once replied.

"Bird's-nest soup and shark's fins. You cannot imagine anything more delicious than shark's fins. They are cooked in a certain manner with oil, and are always included in the menu of a specially fashionable dinner.

Boat Song.

When we boated, you and I,
Swaying willows kissed the stream.
Was it? Yes, 'twas last July!

Little cloudlets flaked the sky,
Just to make it bluer beam,
When we boated, you and I.

Once again the lilies shy
Blow. Ah, did they fairer seem—
Was it? Yes, 'twas last July!

Far from you the days dragged by,
Wintry hours without a gleam,
Since we boated, you and I.

You were cruel then. Your eye
Gayly mocked my hope supreme.
Was it? Yes, 'twas last July!

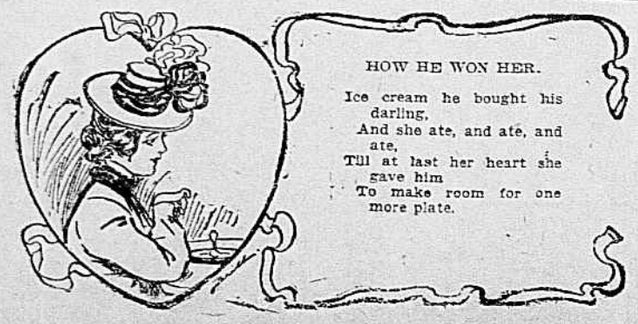
Still I love you. Do you sigh?
Sweetheart, make it true—my dream;
While we're boating, you and I,
Say you love me—this July!
Samuel Minturn Peck, in Harper's Bazar.

Her Idea.

A woman recently asked President Hadley of Yale—he tells the story himself—what he was teaching. To his reply, "Economics," she said, thoughtfully: "Oh, you teach the students to be economical! That is good. When I was a young woman they never learned to be economical until they got married."—New York Tribune.

"He isn't nearly so bright as he thinks he is," said the young woman who discusses her acquaintances.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "and that's a very fortunate circumstance. If he were, we couldn't look at him without using a piece of smoked glass."—Washington Star.



HOW HE WON HER.

Ice cream he bought his darling,
And she ate, and ate, and ate,
Till at last her heart she gave him
To make room for one more plate.

Orange Blossoms

Like all familiar customs, the origins of which are lost in antiquity, the wearing of orange blossoms at a wedding is accounted for in various ways, says the Philadelphia Times. Among other stories is the following popular legend from Spain:

An African king presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign Ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means, fair or foul, to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair. The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dot which the family considered necessary to a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter.

Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair, the wily Ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she gave him the branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky three to adorn her hair.

Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of his daughter's treachery the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding-day orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

Our English Cousins.

A woman who has just returned from London has not yet recovered from her astonishment at the extent to which English women are using paint, says a writer in the New York Sun.

"I had heard so much of the beautiful English complexions," she said, "that I was not prepared for the shock, and it was not easy to understand why the women used paint, for they seemed in reality to have very little need of it. The women I saw in the streets, the shops and the art galleries seemed to be entirely without it. They all had the high color I thought a peculiarity of the race, and had no apparent need of paint. They had too much color for beauty according to my ideas, unless one accepted them as the out-and-out dairy-maid type, and there was scarcely one of them who did not look as if she would be improved by the judicious use of a powder-puff. They were free from cosmetics of any kind, however, and seemed natural.

"It was among the sweller set of women that the use of paint seemed rampant. I say rampant because most of it looked as if it had been put on for its own sake, and not as an aid to beauty. At the opera there was scarcely a woman to be seen who had not applied rouge with a liberality that suggested that she had taken into consideration the size of the building, and wants her cheeks to look as red from the box opposite her as to the persons seated with her. And the strangest thing about the cosmetics was that most of them would have looked better without them.

"I remember especially one conspicuous woman in society who has very black hair and the high color that frequently belongs to it. But this apparently did not satisfy her. Paint was evidently something that had to be put on with the diamond tiara and the string of pearls. So the natural redness of her cheeks was made several shades deeper by a coat of rouge. An American or a French woman who sets out to improve a complexion like that would have used powder and tried to mitigate her rosiness.

"Paint is distinctly the fashion in London, and it is plainly put on for that reason, and not to increase a woman's natural good looks. I went to a very smart garden party one afternoon and learned that I was wrong as to my conjecture as to why so much was used at the opera. There was quite as much on view that bright sunny afternoon, and few of the women thought it necessary to resort to the favoring protection of a veil. On a coaching party one day I saw that paint was quite as popular in sporting as in indoor society.

"There were, of course, many women who did not disguise themselves in this way, and were satisfied with their natural complexions or some slight and artistic modification of them. But the number of conspicuously painted women was appallingly large."

The Release of the Rose.

The rose, once queen of a fair demesne—
Breathing of love and trust—
Is drooping now from her darkened bough
In the prison bonds of dust.
Her fragile red, whence the dew has fled,
Is filled with a nameless pain;
In yearning leaves how her spirit grieves
For the swift release of rain!

A sudden stir of the clouds for her,
With the thunder's martial boom—
The lightning's flash, and the rain's soft splash,
Unlocking the gates of bloom!
The rose is bright with a new-born light,
And the joy of danger past—
She lifts her head from the garden bed
Like a queen recrowned at last.
—William Hamilton Hayne, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for July.

Birthplace of the American Flag.

In the rush of progress that has marked the waning years of the century the American people have been, to a large degree, unmindful of the ravages that Time is working on the few historic relics that remain to tell of the founders and early patriots of our republic. The most conspicuous building that was being threatened with demolition was the birthplace of the American flag, No. 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

This humble edifice is no longer in danger of passing into oblivion, but is now assured of being perpetuated as the shrine of American patriotism. It is to be preserved as a Federal possession, and with Independence, Carpenter's, and Faneuil Halls, will remain as a tribute of the patriots of to-day to those of the Revolution, and as an object-lesson to the generations to follow. That the purchase of the birthplace of Old Glory and the erection of a suitable national memorial to Betsy Ross might be effected in a manner to redound to the lasting glory of the people as a whole, the American Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial Association was founded. It was incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania December 19, 1898.

This association, through the issuance of membership certificates at the uniform price of 10 cents, invites the co-operation of the people of the entire country in the consummation of its objects. The result of the first year's work, which shows that a fund of $13,231 was secured toward the fulfillment of these objects, demonstrates the wisdom of the association in adopting a plan that makes possible popular participation. The possibility of arrogating the glory of saving the "Old Flag House" to a few men by means of large individual contributions has been obviated. The pennies of the people are doing the work of saving to the nation this sacred home where the American flag had its birth.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for July.

The Man Who Won't Commute.

"Don't you miss your husband terribly?" asked the young wife of her neighbor whose lord and master only came down to Wave Crest over Sunday.

"No, indeed," said the older matron, "At breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his place, and I quite forget that he isn't there."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Why, what pretty heads you have, Dottie! Are they gold?"

"No'm. I guess they's just flavored with gold."—Harper's Bazar.

CURRENT LITERATURE FOR BUSY READERS

USES OF LIME AND CHARCOAL.

They are Invaluable Aids in Keeping the Home Healthful in Summer.

"The heat and moisture of the summer months have a tendency to rust metals, mildew fabrics and cover all sorts of substances with mold," writes Maria Parloa, in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "Fermentation and putrefaction develop rapidly in vegetable and animal substances if they are not carefully watched. Lime and charcoal are two aids toward keeping the house sweet and dry, and the housekeeper should, if possible, provide herself with both of these materials. A barrel, each, of lime and charcoal in the cellar will tend to keep that part of the house dry and sweet. A bowl of lime in a damp closet will dry and sweeten it. A dish of charcoal in a closet or refrigerator will do much toward making these places sweet. The power of charcoal to absorb odors is much greater directly after it has been burned than when it has been exposed to the air for a length of time. Charcoal may be purified and used again and again by heating it to a red heat. The lime must be kept in a place where there is no chance of its getting wet, and not exposed to the air."

Her Fourth.

She rose in the morning, good Dame July,
And looked at the clock with a smile and a sigh,
As she stood in her spotless gown.
"He never was known to be late," she said;
"It surely is time he was out of his bed.
I hope he is hearty and well, the dear!
Such a beautiful nap he has had! A year
Is none too long for him. Hark! What's that!"
She gave her ribbons a hasty pat,
And smoothed her apron down.

A thump, a bang, on the floor above.
"He's up!" she cried, with a look of love.
A bang and a thump—and then
Down over the stairs with a bound he came,
And shouted, and hugged the dear old dame
Till her cap fell off and her breath was gone.
He called for his drum and he called for his horn,
He danced and whistled and laughed and sung,
And raised such a breeze that the flags he flung
From the windows flapped again.

"It's only my Fourth!" good Dame July
To the wondering neighbors that hurried by
With motherly pride explained;
"He is just a little bit noisy and wild,
I must confess; but the dearest child
My others are all of them gentle and mild,
But children differ—it's always so—
And boys will be boys, of course, you know!"
And down on her motherly knees she went,
And helped him to fire off his gun, content,
Though her fingers were burned and her apron rent,
And her ribbons all spotted and stained.

It was early dawn when his fun began;
From garrett to cellar he romped and ran
Through the neat little, sweet little house.
He strewed the parlor with tangle of toys,
The walls re-echoed with riot and noise;
He broke her china and rumpled her hair,
And wore all her pretty new carpets bare;
And the sun went down, and the stars came out
To see what the racket was all about;
And at 12 o' the clock with a final shout
He frightened the midnight mouse.

"The dearest child!" said Dame July,
And she looked at the clock with a heart-felt sigh,
As she righted her cap with care.
"I hope he has had a good time, the dear,
And—will stay asleep for at least a year!
The sweetest children sometimes, I find,
Are a trifle wearing to the body and mind,
For boys will be boys, and I'm rather glad
My Fourth was the—only—boy—I—had!"
And sleepily nodding her dear old head,
"I guess I had better be going to bed—
I'm a little bit tired—myself!" she said,
And went to sleep in her chair!
—Margaret Johnson, in the July Woman's Home Companion.

Gen. Buller's Entrance Into Ladysmith

At the start it moved haltingly, the townspeople lacking the initiative, and for ten minutes the column marched past in as respectful a silence as would have greeted a funeral. General Buller alone received a welcoming cheer. The rest of the men, "lance, foot and dragoon," passed between the lines of the garrison and the townspeople to no other accompaniment than the music of the Gordons' bagpipes and the whirr of the American biograph.

It was Colonel Donald, the Irish colonel of the Irish Fusileers, who was the first to set matters right and to break the polite calm. He saw general White just as he had ridden past him and he saw his mistake at the same instant, and whirled about so suddenly that his horse drove back his own men. His enthusiasm made up for the apathy of the hundreds who had preceded him; his face shone with generous, excited hero-worship. He did not pause to salute. It was as though he thought such a perfunctory tribute from himself alone was inadequate for such an occasion and for such a man as General White.

So he stood up in his stirrups and waved his helmet and called upon his regiment. "Three cheers for General Sir George White!" he shouted. "Hip, hip, hip!" in a brogue as rich as his goodwill was generous. And his regiment answered to his call as it had done on many less agreeable moments, and the love-feast began.

You must imagine what followed. You must imagine the dry, burning heat, the fine, yellow dust, the white glare of the sunshine, and in the heat and glare dust the great interminable column of men in ragged khaki crowding down the main street, 22,000 strong, cheering and shouting, with the sweat running off their red faces and cutting little rivulets in the dust that caked their cheeks. Some of them were so glad that, though in the heaviest marching order, they leaped up and down and stepped out of line to dance to the music of the bagpipes.—Richard Harding Davis, in the July Scribner's.

The Two Hymns of Independence Day.

Our two national hymns are regularly attacked for their lack of good grammar and real poetry, but, though they may have technical defects, they unquestionably possess that indefinable something which arouses the inward thrill. The Star-Spangled Banner, written on old envelopes by Francis Scott Key, after the anxious night of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, was first sung in the theatre by a variety actor. It was simply introduced as "verses by a gentleman who had been detained on board the English fleet." There was no claque to exploit it, and, in fact, Mr. Key did not want to be known as its author, but, fitting the words to an old tune, the actor, a great deal is accomplished which does with a voice which was not at all extraordinary, so impresed the audience that the song had to be sung again and again, and repeated on following nights.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale has said that, of all Fourths of July in Boston that of 1832 left the deepest mark in the history of the century. He said he had spent his last cent and bought medals, drunk root-beer, eaten oysters and other things, and was slowly returning home when at Park-Street Church he saw a procession of children entering. They were Sunday-school children. It was then and there that the hymn, My Country, 'Tis of Thee, was sung, the first time it had ever been sung in public. Happy fate that this hymn of the nation was consecrated on the national birthday!—Saturday Evening Post.

The June Bug.

Thou stupid blockhead, blundering in my face!
Is not the great world wide enough, but thou
Must quit the dusky night where thou'rt at home
To dazzle at my lamp, and burn thy wings;
To blind thy goggle yes with too much light,
And bang thy doltish head 'gainst everything?
Thou meddling fool! thou'rt ever out of place.
No meeting's free from thy disturbing buzz;
No child too timid for thy scaring hum;
No lady's nerves too strung nor hair too fine
For thee to tangle it with scratchy claws—
There in my ink again!
And now, with pondering look and drabbled feet,
Thou scrawlest rude lines across an unstained page.

And yet, poor thing! thou dost not mean it so;
The light attracts thee, and thou, too, wouldst know.'

How like we art! This dazzling room to thee—
Why, that's the sunlit world; and we poor men
Do bang our heads 'gainst every wall of it,
And wonder why they ache. Our blundering feet
Tramp roughshod over nerves that twinge in pain;
We meddle daily with the mysteries,
To frighten timid souls with buzzing talk
Of laws of unknown things, and life, and death;
And many a page lies stained with thoughts more rude
Than beetles' legs could draw, and less intelligent.
And yet, from out the gloom of our first flight,
The primal twilight of our ignorance,
'Twas shining of a light that called us in.

Pardon, fellow-blunderer! Mine's the fault.
Impatient of the things I do myself.
The fashion only altered. Blunderers both!
The one with open book and bruised heart,
The other with his broken wings and feet.
There, I'll blow out the light; it troubles thee;
And here's a bit of wood to dry thee on.
Rest thee a moment till thy dazed head clears;
Then (there's the window open) go in peace—
And may the gentle God, who made us both,
When next I blunder in His mighty face
Do so with me. WILLIAM J. LONG.

Remnants of the Lafayette Family.

There are great-great-grandchildren of Lafayette now living, but the immediate family connection has dwindled to a bare fifty. The Marquis de Lasteyrie, one of the best known of the connection, has told me considerable of his ancient house, which still holds prestige in the nation, although the average Frenchman is remarkably ignorant of the subject of Lafeyette history. La Grange, the country home of Lafayette, a few leagues from Paris, has been a shrine for a century for visiting Americans, and when the Marquis was alive was noted for its hospitalities. The present family keeps a portion of its traditions in this respect, and gave me an invitation to visit the grand old castle. Its five pointed towers, from the Norman days to the tenth century, loom picturesquely through the trees. The mark of a cannon-ball upon one of the towers is still visible, a grim reminder of the troubled period when the castle was attacked by the Marechal Turenne.—July Woman's Home Companion.

Russia and Japan.

Information from Japan is never quite accurate, the rulers of the empire religiously guarding State secrets, but all that arrives points to a conflict which at best can only be postponed. The Japanese are not prepared to be shut up in their islands, and know that if the Russians dominate Korea they will be shut up. On the other hand, the Russians are quite aware that unless they dominate Korea, Manchuria—which they are now piercing with railways and are absolutely determined to acquire—will never be a safe possession, and never give them the position they seek in the North Pacific. The two ambitions clash, and as neither power is certain that the other is the stronger, that means war. The only question is the time and it is by no means certain that the time will be very long. Russia would like to wait until her Trans-Siberian line is complete, but that is the very reason why Japan will not of necessity appear in the regularly avoid waiting and may regard a quarrel between Russia and China as her best opportunity. Her preparations are very nearly complete. Her new fleet is ready, and her army, which observers reckon at half a million of men, is as well prepared as it is likely to become. What the real worth of that army is no European accurately knows. It is numerous, it is composed of brave men and it is sure to be well supplied, but whether it has the energy and persistence necessary for a successful conflict with a European State is still uncertain.

The result of the war with China is an unsafe guide, for China was hopelessly disorganized and her army worm-eaten with corruption, while the Japanese had probably been preparing for years. The statesmen of Tokio may find that there is some quality in Europeans with which their own men are unable to contend and may learn too late the value of Marshal von Moltke's saying that discipline can only be fully tested by defeat. Still, the Japanese themselves have no doubts; and it is by what a nation thinks of itself and not by what observers think of it, that national policy is directed. If the Mikado's advisers think they have a good prospect of defeating Russia, they will infallibly try to defeat her; and as their enemy is daily gathering strength, the experiment will probably be tried very soon.—The Spectator.

Love's Logic.

If thou art sad when I am glad,
Why, then my gladness turns to pain;
If thou art glad when I am sad,
The sunshine glimmers through the rain.
If thou art sad when I am sad,
I kneel before thy vestal throne;
If thou art glad when I am glad,
I claim thy joyance for mine own.
Then, sweetheart, whatsoe'er thou art,
Thy joys and sorrows rule my heart.
—Norman H. Pitman, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for July.

A Strict Sabbatarian.

The strictness with which the Sabbath is kept in Scotland is illustrated by a story told by a devout Scottish minister.

He once stopped at a country inn in the northern part of his native land to pass the Sunday. The day was rainy and close, and toward night, as he sat in the little parlor of the inn, he suggested to his landlady that it would be desirable to have one of the windows raised, so that they might have some fresh air in the room.

"Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can hae no fresh air in this hoose on the Sawbeth?"—Youth's Companion.

A Tablet to War Correspondents.

The war correspondents whose graves are now to be sought on the veldts of South Africa are not likely to be forgotten when the duty of raising monuments in London begins—as it soon must. The names of the war correspondents who fell in Egypt fifteen years ago are commemorated on a large brass tablet in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. The inscription is as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
The Gallant Men who in the Discharge of Their Duty as
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS
FELL
IN THE CAMPAIGN IN SOUDAN,
1883—1884—1885.
EDMOND DONOVAN,
"Daily News" Kashgil, Nov., 1883.
FRANK POWER,
"Times," El-Kamar, Oct., 1884.
JOHN A. CAMERON,
"Standard," Abu Kru, Jan. 19, 1885.
St. Leger Algernon Herbert, C. M. G.,
"Morning Post," Abu Kru, Jan. 19, 1885.
WILLIAM HENRY GORDON,
"Manchester Guardian," Kortl, Jan. 1885.
FRANK H. L. ROBERTS,
Reuter's Agency, Souakim, May 15, 1885.
—The Academy.

Mr. Sousa's Story of His Father.

Sousa's band is here breeding homesickness in the colony and fascinating the Parisians. There is nothing quite so good in Paris indeed, there is nothing quite so good anywhere. And the "march king's music has got into the heads and hearts of the people—Gavroche and his fellow-gamins march the streets whistling El Capitan.

I had seen Mr. Sousa on his pedestal—dressed in gold-braided uniform and waving a baton—any number of times, but he is quite as interesting, I assure you, when he lounges in an easy chair behind a good cigar. There were thirty or forty exiles gathered in Henry Mayer's studio. Mr. Sousa and I smoked in a corner. Mr. Sousa comes naturally by his liking for cosy corners.

"My dear old father was a music teacher," Mr. Sousa explains. "I really believe he was about the worst musician I ever knew, and I've known a great many. And then he had a remarkably firm objection to work. Father used to come down to breakfast about midday. After the meal he would light a cigar and die down in an easy chair.

"'Tony, Tony!' mother would say, 'don't you know you have three lessons to give to-day?'

"Father would get up, stretch himself—he was a big man—go over and kiss mother.

"'Tut, tut, dear,' he would say, 'the day was made for rest and the night for sleep'—and he would go upstairs to bed again."—Vance Thompson in The Saturday Evening Post.

"My father was just itching for an office."
"Did he get over it?"
"Yes. They scratched him at the polls."